

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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AN EXPRESS AGENT'S ADVENTURE.

THIEVES AFTER A BOX OF MONEY OPEN THE WRONG PACKAGE—SOMETHING THAT THIS CLASS DOES NOT VERY OFTEN DO, AS THEY ARE MONTHS PREPARING TO ROB EXPRESS COMPANIES.

"I never had but one real adventure in my whole express experience," remarked the route agent. "It was when I was an agent down in the New Jersey pines, the last place on earth that one would look for anything out of the common run. Mine was a little livelier than some stations, because it was a junction, but the local traffic did not amount to anything to speak of except in the huckleberry or cranberry shipping season. The rest of the freighting and expressing was oysters and fresh fish from the shore road and marl and general supplies coming down the road for general distribution. We had eight trains a day on the main line and two on the shore branch. The junction consisted of a station between the tracks with a waiting room, ticket office and freight house, all under one roof. I slept in the ticket office and took my meals at one of the six houses in the neighborhood, and you can imagine that the life was about as monotonous as anything a young fellow could be assigned to. There was scarcely enough work at times to keep me awake in the daytime, and such a thing as a holiday was not to be thought of. I put in nearly three years at it before I had my adventure, and that secured me a change.

"Along in September a tramp steamship came ashore about eighteen miles down the beach in a thunder squall and became a hopeless wreck. Then came the work of stripping her and sending off her cargo. It had to be done from the shore, because she was almost high and dry at low tide, and the stuff all came up by the shore branch and was transferred at the junction. Most of it was in solid car loads, such as coffee and hides, but there was a lot of light stuff which the owners expressed.

"One night Billy Baker, the messenger of the shore train, came into the office with a box about a foot long all covered with seals and turned it over to me saying: 'Look out for that, Ike. That's money and I guess you had better sleep on it until the owl comes in.' I looked at the waybill he handed me and saw that he had receipted for value of \$3,200. I never had that much money in my charge before and it made me nervous, but I receipted for the box and stood it behind the door inside the ticket office.

"Five minutes later two strangers spoke to me on the platform and asked the road to Newberry. I told them and they went away. A moment later Jake Thompson, who lived about four miles back in the pines, drove up in his ramshackle wagon and unloaded a small box, saying: 'I guess that's the last this season. There's four nice big ones in there. Kinder close quarters for 'em, but there's plenty of air holes and I reckon they'll go through all right. Send them up on the owl to-night.'

"This was one of Jake's regular shipments, and I made no comment, I was too busy thinking of the money package, and somehow the visit of the two strangers kept coming up in my mind. They looked like seafaring men, and tough ones, too, and I wondered what they could want in Newberry, or whether they had really left the junction. I got so nervous about them that I began to listen for noises and to really expect a visit from them before 12.40, when the owl was due. I had an old revolver in the money drawer, but now that I thought I might need it I began to realize what a worthless thing it was. The last time I tried to fire it I found that it would not go off, and I had intended to send it to town by one of the trainmen and have it fixed. Just then I was startled by a noise, and found that it was my landlady's little girl come to tell me that I was late getting to supper. I told her that I could not leave, and asked her to bring something over.

"I felt much braver after getting something to eat and began to look around for a place to hide the box money until the train came. There was a big pot stove in the waiting room, and I concluded that was just the thing; but the box would not go into the door, and I had to disjoint the pipe and lift the top off the stove to get it in. Then I stuffed old papers around it and put the top and pipe in place. I felt easier then and went back to the office and had a little talk over the wire with a friend down the line, telling him about my trouble. He promised to tell the crew of the owl how it was fixed, and he did. I then sat down and read a novel, for I did not dare lie down for fear of going to sleep.

It must have been close to ten o'clock when I heard footsteps on the platform, and then the door of the waiting room was pushed open and two strangers came over to the ticket office and looked through the window at me. One of them asked about the late train, and as I looked up to answer him I saw the muzzle of a big revolver looking over the ledge of the window and he said: "'Just you unlock that door quick and don't yawp or I'll put a bullet into your head. Move lively now.' You know what we want. We've come after that box that came up from the wreck this afternoon, and we're going to get it, if we have to kill you and everybody in this town."

"I unlocked the door quick enough, and they came in and looked around. Not seeing the box anywhere, they asked me where it was, and I told them I didn't know what they were talking about. All I got for that lie was a clip on the jaw that knocked me over my bed, and a minute later I was tied hand and foot and had a gag between my teeth. Then one picked up my lantern and the other dragged me into the freight room, where they tied me to a stanchion and left me while they searched the place.

Suddenly one of them stumbled on Jake's box, and said: 'Here it is. He ain't even hid it, Ben. This is dead easy. Fetch that hatchet. It didn't take them a minute to rip the cover off that box, and then they jumped back with a yell as out poured four of the liveliest spotted adders that ever grew. Ben dropped the lantern and the other fellow threw down the hatchet as the snakes ran out their red and black tongues and raised their heads as if to strike. 'Rattle-snakes!' yelled Ben, and they both dug out of that room as if the devil was after them.

Now I never did like snakes, and used to handle Jake's freight with more care than I did anything else that passed through my hands. Here I was, tied to a post, with four of the reptiles crawling around the room, and, although I believed pine snakes to be harmless, I don't know but what I would have preferred the company of the robbers, who had fled and shut the door after them. I could hear them cursing and ransacking the office, and then I heard the door of the waiting room shut and their footsteps going down the platform.

"The snakes disappeared behind some coils of telegraph wire in the corner, and soon I had no company but the lantern, which, luckily, righted itself as it fell from the thief's hand and stood up to cheer me with its light. I knew that I had over two hours to wait, and my only doubt was whether I could stand the strain without fainting. I don't know which hurt the most, the gag or the tightly-tied cords on my wrists and ankles. I soon found that it was no use trying to get loose, and that the best thing to do was to keep quiet and try to bear the ever-increasing pain. Then I heard the sounder faintly as it ticked in the far-off room. I could just make out that it was my friend down the road, and that he was alarmed about me because he got no answer to his calls.

"The time dragged wearily after he stopped, and finally I lost all knowledge of affairs. I guess I swooned, but I came to in time to catch the sound of the instrument again as it told that the owl was only twelve miles away, and that

the crew was ready for trouble at the junction. Twelve miles meant not more than fifteen minutes in that case, but the fifteen minutes seemed like a month to me. Then I heard the welcome whistle, and a moment later half a dozen railroad men were searching for me or my dead body. They found me hanging limp by my cords, and cut me loose. The train was held twelve minutes before I could tell my story, and they could pull the stove apart and get the box. Then I was dosed with a big drink of whisky and put to bed. Next day I was pretty stiff, but sent word to Jake to come down and box up his snakes, and when he came I told him how the reptiles had saved my life and the company's property, and he thought it would be a good idea to keep a box of snakes in the station all the time as a layover for meddlers.

"A few days later I got a letter telling me that I would be relieved that evening, and to report at the main office as soon as possible. They gave me a job as train messenger on the main line, and after that I became route agent for the express company."—*Express Gazette.*

SALUTES AND HONORS.

CEREMONIAL FORMS USED IN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICIAL VISITS AND CEREMONIES—HONORS AND SALUTES IN BOTH BRANCHES OF THE UNITED STATES SERVICE UP TO DATE.

In no one particular are army and navy officers more strict than in the observance of salutes and honors laid down in the regulations under which they are governed, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. They have a pride in the proper observance of these customs which, taken severally and as a whole, add to the *esprit de corps* of the rank and file as being conducive to discipline.

The salutes and honors are varied in character to suit the officer or occasion. The simplest is that rendered by a soldier with the hand carried to the cap in recognition of his superior officer, who responds with a salute almost similar. Other honors consist of saluting with the rifle, drooping the colors, flourishes blown on the trumpets and ruffles played on the drums. Bands play prescribed marches in honor of the President and the highest officers. All soldiers, not under arms, salute the colors (United States and regimental flag) by uncovering, and citizens are expected to do likewise when passing before them.

Salutes and honors are rendered to the officers of the army and navy according to their rank. The relative rank of officers of the navy and army is as follows, lineal rank only being considered:

Admiral and general (when office exists).

Vice admiral with lieutenant general (when office exists).

Rear admiral with major general.

Commodore with brigadier general.

Captain with colonel.

Commodore with lieutenant colonel.

Lieutenant commander with major.

Lieutenant with captain.

Lieutenant (junior grade) with first lieutenant.

Ensign with second lieutenant.

The army regulations prescribe very minutely how and when the different honors, salutes, official visits and ceremonies shall be observed. The following are set forth:

The following officers will be received with standards and colors drooping, officers and troops saluting and the bands and field music playing as below:

The President, the band playing "The President's March;" the general, the band playing "The General's March;" the lieutenant general or the major general commanding, trumpets sounding three flourishes or the drums beating three ruffles; a major general, two flourishes or two ruffles; a brigadier general, one flourish or one ruffle.

The Vice-President, the members of the cabinet, the chief justice,

the president of the senate the speaker of the house of representatives, the governors in their respective states and territories, receive the same honors as paid a general commanding in chief.

American or foreign envoys or ministers are received with the honors due a lieutenant general.

The officers of the navy are received with the honors due their assimilated rank.

Officers of the marines and of the volunteers and militia, when in the service of the United States, receive the honors due to like grade in the regular service.

Officers of a foreign service are received with the honors due to their rank.

The national or regimental colors passing a guard or other armed body will be saluted, the trumpets sounding and the drums beating a march.

Officers or enlisted men passing the colors will give the prescribed salute, whether with or without arms.

No honors are paid by troops while on march or in trenches, and no salute is rendered when marching at double time or at the trot or gallop.

The commanding officer is saluted by all commissioned officers in command of troops or detachments. If troops are armed, arms will be brought to a "carry" before the salute is tendered.

All officers salute each other on meeting and in making or receiving official reports. When under arms, the salute is made with the sword or saber, if drawn; otherwise with the hand. A mounted officer dismounts before addressing a superior or not mounted. In all cases the junior salutes first.

On official occasions, officers when indoors and under arms, do not uncover, but salute with the sword if drawn, otherwise with the hand. If not under arms, they do not salute.

When an enlisted man without arms passed an officer, he salutes him, using the hand farthest from the officer. If mounted, he salutes with the right hand.

An enlisted man armed with the saber, when out of ranks, salutes all officers with the saber, if drawn; if not he salutes with the hand. If on foot and armed with a rifle or carbine, he salutes as prescribed for a sergeant. A mounted soldier dismounts before addressing an officer not mounted.

A non-commissioned officer or private in command of a detachment without arms salutes all officers with the hand. If the detachment be on foot and armed with a rifle or carbine, he brings his piece to carry and salutes as prescribed for a sergeant. If armed with a saber he salutes with the saber.

An enlisted man being seated, rises on the approach of an officer, faces toward him and salutes. If standing he faces the officer for the same purpose. If the parties remain in the same place, or on the same ground, such compliments need not be repeated. Soldiers actually at work do not cease to salute an officer, unless addressed by him.

An enlisted man makes the prescribed salute with the weapon he is armed with, or, if unarmed, with the hand before addressing an officer. He also makes the same salute after receiving a reply.

Indoors a non-commissioned officer or soldier, when unarmed, uncovers and stands at attention upon the approach of an officer, but does not salute; in all cases he salutes as heretofore prescribed, without uncovering.

When an officer enters a room where there are soldiers, the word "Attention" is given by some one who perceives him, when all rise and remain standing in the position of a soldier until the officer leaves the room. Soldiers at meals do not rise. Officers in citizen's dress are saluted in the same manner as when in uniform.

Soldiers at all times, and in all situations, pay the same compliments to the officers of the army, navy, and marines, and to officers of the volunteers and militia in the service of the United States, as to officers of their own particular regiment and corps.

Officers will at all times acknowledge the courtesies of enlisted men by returning the salutes given, saluting as prescribed in the drill regulations. When several officers in the company are saluted, all who are entitled to a salute return it.

FUNERAL HONORS.

The funeral escort of the secretary of war or general-in-chief consists of a regiment of infantry, a battalion, cavalry and two batteries of artillery; of the lieutenant general or the major general commanding a regiment of infantry, a battalion of cavalry and a battery of artillery; of a major general a regiment of infantry, two companies of cavalry and a battery of artillery; of a brigadier general, a regiment of infantry, a company of cavalry, and a platoon of artillery; of a colonel a regiment; of a lieutenant colonel, six companies; a major, four companies; a captain, one company; a lieutenant half a company.

The funeral escort of a non-commissioned staff officer consists of sixteen rank and file; of a sergeant, fourteen rank and file; of a corporal, twelve rank and file; and of a private of eight rank and file.

During the day the guard of camp or garrison turns out and presents arms to a post or camp and the officer of the day.

All guards turn out under arms when armed parties approach their posts; to parties commanded by commissioned officers they present arms, officers saluting.

The national or regimental colors passing a guard are saluted, the trumpets and field music sounding a march.

Between reveille and retreat, sentinels salute all officers by presenting arms. Mounted sentinels, armed with the saber and with saber drawn, salute all officers by presenting sabers; if armed with the carbine only, they take the position of advance carbine.

A sentry in sentry box, upon the approach of an officer, stands at a carry, and if armed with the rifle or carbine presents arms as the officers pass.

Between retreat and reveille, except when challenging, a sentinel (not in a sentry box) when an officer approaches, faces toward and stands at a carry until the officer passes.

All guards and sentinels pay the same compliments to civil officers of the government; to officers of the military or civil service or foreign powers; to officers of the navy and marine corps; to officers of volunteers and militia when in the service of the United States that are directed to be paid to officers of the army of corresponding rank.

The Discipline of Life.

Sooner or later we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we all discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear God means it for a school. The moment we forget that the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school; the master does not mind that so much for his own sake, for He likes to see His children happy, but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care. But our master cares. He has a perfectly overpowering and inexplicable solicitude for our education; and because He loves us He comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us. He may speak very softly and gently or very loudly. Sometimes a look is enough and we understand it, like Peter, and go out at once and weep bitterly. Sometimes the voice is like a thunder-clap startling a summer night. But one thing we may be sure of—the task He sets us to is never measured by our delinquency. The discipline may seem far less than our desert, or even to our eye ten times more. But it is not measured by these; it is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his father. The discipline of life is a preparation for meeting the Father. When we arrive there to become so pure in

heart—and it needs much practice—then we shall see God. That explains life—why God puts man in the crucible and makes him pure by fire.—*Henry Drummond.*

HISTORIC WAR HORSES.

If horses could speak it is very likely that they would have sent a delegation of influential equine representatives to Washington some time ago and protested very roundly against the war with Spain. They could naturally insist that war is a dangerous occupation for horses to engage in. Bad or scanty rations, change of climate, hard work and the whizzing bullets are all to be as much feared by these dumb brutes as their masters, and only a few horses ever receive any credit for the splendid assistance they give in long marches and bloody battles. Out of the many thousands who had given their humble lives, most gallantly perishing in their duty toward their masters, just a few return home to spend their lives in the ease and honor they deserve.

One war horse, however, who has made a splendid record for himself, and now has his virtues, name and noble deeds engraved on a fitting tombstone, was the little chestnut the great Duke of Wellington rode at the battle of Waterloo. Copenhagen, named after the capital of Denmark, from which country and city he came, was a spirited thoroughbred, standing 15 hands high, and \$200 was the price paid for him by the duke.

Copenhagen served under Wellington during the Spanish war, and for 18 hours he carried his master at Waterloo. After this he was sent to the duke's home, Strathfield-saye, in England, to take his ease. A member of the Royal Academy of English painters was paid to make a handsome portrait of Copenhagen, which the duke loved and petted to the day of his death. The last years of the faithful horse were, however, sadly embittered by the teasing of thousands of curious persons who came to visit him in his paddock, and his groom would clip hairs from his tail and mane to sell for a few shillings to the visitors.

When the duke heard of this he put Copenhagen in a sort of big cage, where he lived in peace to a green old age. His funeral was well attended, and at Strathfield-saye his tombstone, ordered by the duke himself, is still to be seen, in excellent preservation.

Nine years after the Emperor Napoleon died at St. Helena, an old white horse perished of old age and pneumonia in England. The skeleton of this animal is set up in the Royal United Service institution in Whitehall yard, London, and to all visitors it is pointed out as Marengo, the charger Napoleon rode in the battle of Waterloo.

Marengo was originally from Egypt and was left to wander on the dismal battlefield, when the emperor was forced to fly for his life. An English officer found and took him, and he was sold to an English merchant. In English pastures, care for by reverent grooms, this noble white beast passed the latter years of his life far more peacefully and happily than his great and unfortunate master. His portrait also was painted by a famous artist and now hangs in a country house in England.

Gen. Robert E. Lee and Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, Gens. Stonewall Jackson and Sheridan all brought their favorite chargers safely through many bloody battles, and both Gens. Lee and Jackson were outlived by their war horses. Cincinnati, Gen. Grant's most famous stud, was presented to him by a man also named Grant, but no relation of the great commander. Cincinnati weathered the perils of war, and died as sincerely lamented as he had lived respected.

A sober brown horse, the one he rode at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, was hung with elaborate mourning robes and led by a groom, followed quietly behind the coffin of his dead master, Gen. George Washington. A true Virginian, Washington was a splendid horseman, but he never settled his affections on any one stud. Two or

three times he lost his horses in battle, and on one particularly handsome white horse, Dolly, his portrait was painted. None of his charges weathered any number of severe engagements as did Old Sorrel, and Traveler, the horses of R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

Traveler carried his master through nearly all the battles at which he commanded, was never himself wounded, and in decent mourning attended the general's funeral. It is said he whinnied sadly when the coffin was borne before him, and shortly after in grazing about his peaceful pasture, he stuck a nail in his foot and died of lockjaw. He, like Copenhagen, was given honorable burial, and unlike most war horses, he lived out his full allowance of 15 years.

It was on the back of Sorrel that Stonewall Jackson received his death wound, and the plucky little horse then passed into the keeping of his master's father-in-law, a clergyman. In 1886 he died a death natural to venerable horseflesh, after having seen nearly ten terrible battles, and his body, very skilfully mounted, now stands in a glass case in the library of the Soldiers' home, Virginia.

There are very few American children who do not know that Gen. Sheridan's most noted black horse was called Winchester. He, too, outlived all the perils of war, not dying until 1886, when his body was mounted, and now can be seen in the museum of Governor's Island, in New York Bay.

Gen. Andrew Jackson was an ardent horse lover, and three fine chargers were always set aside for his use when he was with the army. Tradition, however, does not say he favored or loved any special horse, but it does say that when his men, exhausted and downhearted, were making force marches along the heavy road, he usually preferred to leave his saddle and march with the soldiers.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee rode the handsomest horse in the Confederate army—a thoroughbred mare named Nellie Grey. But spite of her beauty and her bold, brave spirit, poor Nellie fell in the thick of the fight at the battle of Winchester and was sincerely mourned by her master.—*Denver Republican.*

Corn Meal as a Cosmetic.

The face must be washed in pure, soft, warm water, with enough soap to form an abundant, milky lather, which must be well rubbed into the pores of the skin, and finally rinsed off with warm water. While the face is still wet, dust the hand generously with corn-flour, not the golden-grain meal of culinary use, which lacks the essential demulcent qualities, but white meal ground very fine.

Rub the face gently till a comfortable glow is produced; then rinse and wipe dry with a soft towel. This should be done every night, and be followed by a gentle massage with a simple emollient. Pure white vaseline is the most satisfactory in the long run, since it cannot harm the most delicate skin. The popular fallacy of its hair-growing propensities has long been exploded, but its virtues are not as generally known as they should be. If applied regularly to the eyebrows and lashes, vaseline will keep the hair soft and healthy, and otherwise stimulate the growth but its application will not produce hair where nature has withheld it.—*Demorest's Family Magazine.*

Pious Russians do not eat pigeons because of the sanctity conferred on the dove in the Scriptures.

While Congress was disputing over the President's war message, Mrs. Davis, wife of the Senator, took a kodak into the Senate gallery, although it was against the rules, and secured the only photographs in existence of some highly exciting scenes.

The laws of Mexico provide that a Mormon who wishes to take a second wife must present a certificate signed by his first helpmate to the effect that she is willing; and he must also have the express consent of the second wife and her parents.

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1898.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man: Wherever wisdom is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

IN reference to the editorial last week, commenting on the lack of definite information in relation to the new St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, disclaims any intent to withhold information from the deaf. He states that neither himself nor Rev. Dr. Krans knew when the contractor broke ground for the new building, and adds that when the contract was signed, it was understood that the contractor, Mr. Clarence True, would begin at his own convenience. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet says it is now his privilege to give the following definite information:

"The Rector, Rector-Emeritus and Vestry of St. Matthew's Church, New York, have arranged for the laying of the Corner stone of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue, on the Feast of the Transfiguration of Christ, Saturday, August 6th, at 4 P.M. There will be a celebration of the Holy Communion on that day, with interpretation for deaf-mutes in St. Matthew's Church, West 84th Street, near Central Park, at 12 o'clock. Mr. True hopes to have the Church ready for consecration about November 1st."

The day selected for laying the corner stone is one that will be found desirable by the deaf. Saturday half-holiday will make it convenient for the deaf to be present, and it is anticipated that a great number will be on hand to witness the ceremony.

ONE of the JOURNAL readers has misunderstood the mission of this paper. We do not make it a point to correct errors of contemporaries. The proper place to make a correction is in the paper wherein the errors were published. Within the past two weeks two letters have been received in which the writer, in not very temperate language, endeavors to convey to a newspaper published in Germany, the facts relating to the Heidsiek reception and banquet. It seems this German paper has published letter from a New York correspondent in which either false information was given, or enough of the truth was suppressed to give the German readers a wrong impression. These aforementioned letters should have been sent direct to the German newspaper. The JOURNAL is always open to corrections of errors that may appear in its columns, but does not constitute itself a medium for the correction of comparatively unimportant misstatements made in the columns of other newspapers for the deaf.

KEEP your eye on the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, if you want the news about the big convention now in session at Columbus, O. Also the two conventions of the deaf that will be held next month, in Portland, Me., and Scranton, Pa., respectively.

Of course all the other news of interest that relates to the deaf will be printed as usual. Nothing in the way of news can get away from the JOURNAL's large staff of wide-awake, observant, and discriminating reporters.

It costs only a dollar a year to get the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL every week. Send in your subscription now, and keep posted.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. James Stratton has given up house-keeping, and is now boarding at Mrs. Neiser.

Mr. Thomas Godfrey has gone to the mountains of Pennsylvania. He will be home in the fall.

Miss Mary A. Renwick, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will spend her vacation in the mountains next week.

The two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Ekardt are camping out with a party of boys of their age, for the summer, near Asbury Park, N. J.

Burglars entered the residence of Mrs. Kinne, on Hancock Place, where William S. Abrams rents a room and took away considerable property belonging to both.

Highland Beach, where the League of Elect Sards held their outing, July 14th, is becoming popular with the deaf of New York. Hardly a week passes but several can be seen there with their families to enjoy a day's outing.

On July 12th Mrs. Maggie Holycross, of Columbus, Ohio, received a telegram from Sabina, Ohio, announcing the death of her sister. Mr. and Mrs. Holycross immediately departed for Mason, Ohio, where the funeral took place, and July 15th Mr. Holycross returned to Columbus, but Mrs. Holycross staid in Warren County till July 23d, visiting her other relatives. She visited among others Mr. and Mrs. B. Dakin, of Harveysburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Rion Hoel, of Waynesville. She reports all as doing well and in good health.

Miss Sadie Young, '98, of Gallaudet College, spent three weeks with Miss Rogers, '99, at Cedar Spring, S. C. She stopped a few days at Melane, N. C., with Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, '98 and ex-'00—a very pleasant visit. She left last Wednesday for Raleigh, where she is now with the family of Supt. Ray, at the School for the Blind. She is going to take in the Convention at Columbus, on her way home to Colorado. In the fall she will assume the duties as Assistant Supervisor of the girls at the School for the Deaf at Colorado Springs.

Miss Lucy Burt, the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison A. Burt, of Spring Avenue, Troy, N. Y., is the brightest little lady we have ever had the pleasure of meeting. She can spell with her fingers as fast as the fastest, and can read anybody's spelling, no matter how fast they spell, and as for signs, why, she is a real graceful sign maker. She has been heard and mind fixed on to "Fanwood" as the school where she hopes to be engaged as a teacher when she is old enough to teach. She will certainly make a good teacher for the deaf. She is blessed with all her senses.—Cor.

Trolley Kills Deaf-Mute.

Another victim of the trolley road was claimed yesterday at noon when Michael Decarlo, nine years old, a deaf-mute, was killed in front of his home, No. 149 Borden Avenue, Long Island City, by a Calvary Cemetery car. With several companions the lad was making soap bubbles and did not see the car when he ran into the street.

Owing to his affliction he did not hear the warning of the gong, which was rung vigorously by John Doremus, the motor-man. The boy was thrown to the pavement and the car passed over his body, despite the efforts of Doremus to arrest its progress.

There was no fender on the car. Doremus was arrested. He lives in Flushing, and is employed by the New York and Queens County Railroad Company. Bystanders say the accident was unavoidable.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

JULY 31—EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 3 P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, West 84th Street, near Central Park, New York City.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

NOW BUILDING—TO BE FOR DEAF-MUTES—CORNER STONE TO BE LAID AUGUST 6TH.

The Rector, Rector-Emeritus, and Vestry of St. Matthew's Church, have arranged with the architect and builder, to have the corner stone of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, laid on Saturday, August 6th, the Feast of Transfiguration of Christ, at 4 P.M., 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue. A cordial invitation is extended to deaf-mutes and their friends to be present.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

The Proceedings of the Fifth Convention of the National Association of the Deaf have been printed and mailed to members whose address is in the possession of the undersigned.

Extra copies may be obtained at the cost price of fifteen cents each. Parties desiring any should order at once.

J. H. Cloud, Chairman Ex. Com., 1841 Madison Street, St. Louis, Mo.

CHICAGO.

Chicago's Nickname, "Windy City," Well Deserved.

THE PAS-A-PAS CLUB'S PICNIC.

A Variety of News.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Post Office.]

The nickname of "Windy City" as applied to Chicago, never was better illustrated than a few days ago. Sunday found the city scorching hot, there was the usual rush to the steamboats and parks. For two days it continued hot, augmented by a southerly wind at 25 miles an hour. This "strangler," however, was met by "the terrible turk" in the shape of a 45-mile-an-hour "Norwester." Whew, higgledy-piggledy, what a row between the elements there was among the sky-scrappers! Like two strong wrestlers bearing each other down, the winds descended upon the street and knocked off the hat of a 300-pound pedestrian, causing a lively chase. The "thero" went down 25 degrees and spring overcoats were actually seen at night, whereas it had been near 96 degrees in the morning. Evidently the northern wind had won.

The Pas-a-Pas Club picnic was a success, although it will never see the equal of its World Fair Picnic. Early in the morning they began to drop in at Reissig Grove, the *paterfamilias* with his wife and children and baskets, the young man with his sweetheart, and the "unattached." All enjoyed themselves in many ways in the morning, and at noon the baskets were opened, testifying to the culinary skill of the women of the club. Then athletic games enlivened the afternoon. The handsome prizes donated by different firms, spurred the contestants on as much as the ladies, "whose eyes rained influence and decided the prize." The winners who carried off trophies were thus: Mrs. Jas. Shields won the 100 engraved cards and plate for the married women's race.

Nellie McNeice will have herself photographed at Ben Frank's expense, for winning the young women's race.

A hearing man won the 100-yard dash, much to the chagrin of the mutes. He, certainly, had no business there. Hope no such idiosyncrasy will be repeated at the next picnic.

Mr. Mack won the Gordon saddle prize for the potato race, and as he has a wheel, he appreciates the gift.

Master Gibney won the boys' race and box of candy.

Kaufman, Cox and Hensel, smoked free cigars for winning the relay race.

Guy Raser and Miss Nichols held out in the last game, and got two tickets to Milwaukee on a whale-back with five dollars thrown in, possibly to induce them to undertake matrimony.

The committee showed admirable taste in selecting Reissig Grove, as it is a romantic spot. The ride on the La Grange electric car was as good as a trolley party ride. It took us through fresh pastures and bucolic scenes, and after a long zig-zag run landed the parties at the gate. Expressions were heard on all sides for using the Park for another picnic, possibly the Ladies' Aid Society, soon.

Hensel and Mack wheeled all the way to the grove. The other wheelmen left their steeds at home and preferred the cars.

Miss Nehring, of Delavan, and Mr. Plunkett, of Milwaukee, were there among those coming from a distance.

O. H. R.'s camera busted trying to take in the group. Cause, unexplained.

The committee was busy distributing sandwiches, lemonade and cigars, and cleared a handsome profit for the club.

W. B. W. performed a wonder in getting in the Lake Street elevated car through a small window. It beats the camel and the eye-needle all to pieces, for he is a six-footer.

The laugh on him is that seats were plentiful and there was no call for the extraordinary contortionist act. Oh! How the ladies did laugh.

There was no tug-of-war, as no rope could be found. The Blues and Reds accuse each other of hiding the rope. It will remain as much a mystery as "who struck Billy Patterson."

Mr. Bloom, of the Lexington Avenue School, was at the picnic. He stops here on his way to St. Louis and back to New York City. He found pleasure in renewing acquaintanceship with his old schoolmates, Kaufman, Hart and Leibenstein. Sunday morning, with the latter, he took a walk around Jackson Park and admired the many places of interest to be

seen there, notably the Columbian Museum and World's Fair German Building.

The pedagogue taking his vacation at the picnic, found its exponent in Lars M. Larson, of the New Mexico School. He pulled off his coat and partook of the games like a school boy. Mr. Larson was at the Lansing Convention of Instructors of the Blind and met Messrs. Wilkinson, of California; Ray, of North Carolina; Metcalf, of Utah; and Clark, of Michigan. The convention was divided into two camps over a certain kind of print being used for the blind. Mr. Larson voted on one side amid hand clapping. With Mr. Robinson, of Wisconsin, he expects to start for Ohio tomorrow.

The success of the picnic has only whetted the appetites of the lucky ones for the steamboat excursion on the lake, August 13th.

Mr. Weller, who went to Alaska several months ago, reports that gold cannot be found, and that hunded are returning back—discouraged. He may come back soon.

Buchanan, Mich., was represented by Mr. Waterman, who came over on an excursion steamer.

Miss Knight, graduate of 1897, of Michigan, has taken up her residence in Chicago; also Mr. Huff, of Joliet, brother-in-law of Colby.

When Dr. A. W. Mann wanted a room at the Wellington Hotel the other day he signified his need with his fingers. Chicago has many versatile hotel clerks, but George Jago of the Wellington excels them all. Paul Gores is a noted linguist, who can speak, French, German, Choctaw, Gaelic and English. But Jago knows the deaf and dumb signs, and he understood Dr. Mann, to the latter's astonishment. This is not all. Jago has initiated the bellboys into the sign language. When a guest registers Jago waves his hand and moves his fingers and the room is prepared before the guest reaches his door. "Make it two," is signalled by Jago, and the bellboys understand. Not a sound is uttered.

The above is an amusing instance of misinformation that prevails in the leading dailies. Mr. Mann a college president! Mr. Jago may be the proper man to arrange the banquet of the Blues and the Reds.

PARIS, ILL., July 16.—Miss Lillian Hybarger, a popular teacher of the public schools of this city, departed today for Jacksonville, Fla., where she will be married to Major Edward J. Lang, Fourth Illinois Volunteers. Major Lang held an appointment as superintendent of the woodworking department at the Jacksonville Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, which he relinquished to go to the front with his regiment.

Miss Eden, a teacher of the Illinois Institution for twenty-seven years, has taken a year of absence from work and returns to her post this fall. Was at Mr. Hasenstab's church. Miss Peek, of the same school, is sojourning in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

There will be the usual tennis party at Washington Park, Saturday, and a swim at Cottage Grove, and 63d Street, the same evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams and daughter, of Washington, D. C., passed through the city, Saturday, after spending a day at sight-seeing with Miss Bauman.

Clarence Shelby, the blind mute of Chicago, goes to Columbus, O., with his mother. Doubtless he will attract sympathetic attention there.

Mr. Lewis has left New York City and come back to Chicago. He will try to get back his old position at civil engineering in the Rand, McNally building. Says he helped prepare plans for the Waldorf House in New York City.

Plenty of Work for Good Workmen.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Work is good this year in the printing trade. So far as my observation goes, the deaf are employed—that is, the deaf compositors who tried hard to learn the trade while at school are working, or in other words doing well, in New York.

The few out of work repeat the same old, old story heard so often before: "Will be called for as soon as there is an increase of work." They continue from month to month, like "Micawber," waiting for "something to turn up."

A few years ago, before the advent of machinery to replace certain kinds of work that used to be done by hand, and other time-saving appliances that have been invented, "two-thirds" could find plenty to do. No more.

There is, however, work at the trade for competent workmen, but none for those who have got but an inkling of the trade and think they know it all.

I hope this simple statement of the condition of things will be a warning to those yet at school, not only in New York, but every where, to grasp at the opportunities to do their best to become proficient workmen, if they desire to obtain steady employment as compositors.

D. E.

N. B.—The above rule holds good for those who are following other trades.

Most of the members of the Austrian Reichsrath now go to and from the Chamber on bicycles, and a room has been provided within its precincts for the accommodation of their wheels. The bicycle is the only object or subject on which the House has found itself united since the coronation of Maria Theresa.

PHILADELPHIA.

Quite a Profitable Excursion.

EXAMPLE OF DEAF-MUTE GRIT.

Items of Interest.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club, of this city, a social club with rooms at the northeast corner of Eighth and Girard Avenue, had its much talked of excursion to Cape May, New Jersey, by the palace steamer "Republic," on Sunday, July 24th. This club is not connected with All Souls' Mission, and none of its members belong to the Clerc Literary Association. We make this statement for the benefit of outsiders, who may be apt to mix up the two clubs.

The "Republic," on which the excursion was held, is the largest steamer of its kind on the Delaware River, and plys to and from Cape May daily, including Sundays. The steamer was not chartered by the Deaf-Mutes' Club. The only condition which was exacted of the club was that it bring over fifty persons in order to become entitled to a commission of forty cents on each adult's ticket, sold at 75 cents each, and a proportionate profit on children's tickets. The club, however, as an inducement to join the excursion, sold adults' tickets at 55 cents each and children's at 35 cents, and, as a result, disposed of nearly four hundred tickets. A handsome profit was therefore made by the club.

Altogether there were about 1500 people on the steamer, which, our informant says, is a conservative estimate. Of that number about 150 were deaf. Nothing happened to mar the pleasure of the silent excursionists, save one or two little incidents, which are common things, on almost all large excursions. After the boat had gotten well away from the city, it was discovered that there was a "rough rider" among the company, but we feel certain that it was not from Roosevelt's regiment. After distinguishing himself by a kind of bravery that is synonymous with knavery, he was "tenderly" taken care of below and all went well thereafter, except on the homeward trip the occurrence was repeated.

The steamer left Rose Street wharf a little late, at a quarter of eight, and reached its destination at nearly 2 o'clock. Less than two hours' time was allotted for the pleasures on the beach. Many used it up in bathing. Mr. Charles Partington photographed a large group of deaf. A good time was enjoyed by all. It was half past ten when the steamer got back to the city, and a more tired, hungry and sleepy lot could only have been found somewhere in Cuba.

The Committee on Arrangements of this excursion consisted of: G. Brantis, Chairman; A. J. McGahan, D. Wilson, T. Mondeau, J. Tafe, E. McCarthy and G. Dittmar.

Washington Houston is a deaf-mute, but yet a man of indomitable grit. Last winter he sought for a position in the Frankford Arsenal, near his home. His chance of getting it seemed very slim. However, instead of giving up, he set about to bring the greatest possible influence to bear upon the commanding officer of the Arsenal, in his behalf.

To show what this was, we will say that he was backed by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Rev. Dr. Rumney, Select Councilman Byram, Congressman A. C. Harner, Cashier Lee, of the Frankford National Bank; and other influential persons. He had a petition which was signed by a number of politicians, clergymen, and even Bishop Whitaker. But still the position was not forthcoming. Mr. Houston then exhausted every other means to secure the place and had his friends actually see the Secretary of War, who requested the Commandant to give him a place, if possible. The result was that, last spring, after about five months' of hard work, Mr. Houston's application was put on file as No. 6, pending a vacancy. In the meantime Mr. Houston secured a position at the Disston Mills, where he still works. Think that he might be able to get his young daughter, Anna A., into the Arsenal sooner than himself, he recently, with the assistance of friends, succeeded in doing it. Anna now has a good place and makes good wages, and she only hopes that it will not be like a dream to her. Papa Houston also is contented, and his next efforts will be to see that his daughter can retain her position after the present war.

Messrs. H. H. B. McMaster and B. R. Allabough, of Pittsburgh, spent several days at the Dewey,

in Atlantic City, last week. Mr. McMaster goes home to-day.

Mrs. John E. Pollock and children left for Williamsport, last Saturday, to be gone for about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gaston Davidson have moved on Boyer Street near the Mt. Airy Station. Mrs. Davidson is at present visiting her mother in New England.

Mr. F. C. Smielag has returned to the city for the remainder of the summer.

Dr. Crouter and Prof. Davidson will in all probability attend the convention at Columbus, O.

Mr. Max L. Kestner, of Colorado, is here again. He will soon start for home again.

Mrs. John E. Paul, nee Emma Shaffer, formerly of this place, but now living near Boston, Mass., presented her husband with a girl baby quite recently. Her Philadelphia friends send congratulations.

Miss Nellie Franklin came here from St. Louis recently.

Wedding bells will ring soon in this locality.

June 25, '98. J. S. R.

A DUMB PRINCE OF JAPAN.

The following interesting legend is taken from Dr. Lowe and Mr. W. H. Addison's book, *Deaf Mutes*.

"The Emperor Suinin, the 11th of that name, who is said to have reigned ninety-nine years, and to have died at the age of 141, had a son who was dumb. This child was born at the time when his mother was living in a castle or stockade belonging to her brother, who had tempted her to conspire against the life of her husband, the emperor.

"On the plot being discovered, she fled to this brother, and it was while the troops of the emperor were attacking the stockade or palace in which they had taken refuge that the child was born. Anxious to save it, she brought it to the palisades in sight of the emperor, and cried out to him to take it under his care. He was deeply moved by her appeal to him, and forthwith planned to rescue both the child and its mother. The child was rescued, but the mother perished in the burning palace along with her brother."

The account of the child's restoration to speech runs as follows:

"So the way they led about and amused the august child was by making a two-forked boat out of a two-forked cryptomeria from Ahidza in Wohari, bringing it up and floating it on the pool of Ichishi and on the pool of Karu in Yamato, [thus] leading about and amusing the august child."

"Nevertheless the august child spoke never a word, though his eight-grasp beard reached down to the pit of his stomach. So it was on hearing the cry of a high-flying swan that he made his first utterance."

"Then [the Heavenly Sovereign] sent Yamanobe no-Ohotaka to catch the bird. So this person, pursuing the swan, arrived in the land of Harima from the land of Ki, and again in his pursuit crossed over to the land of Inaba, then reaching the land of Tanaba, and the land of Tajima, [thence] pursuing round to the eastward, he reached the land of Afumi, and thereupon crossed over into the land of Minu, and, passing along by the land of Wohari, pursued it into the land of Shinanu, and at length, reaching in his pursuit the Koshi, spread a net in the estuary of Wanami, and having caught the bird, brought it up [to the capital] and presented it [to the sovereign]. So that estuary is called the estuary of Wanami. It had been thought that, on seeing that bird again, he would speak; but he did not speak as had been thought."

"Hereupon the Heavenly Sovereign, designing to be grieved, augustly fell asleep, when, in an august dream, he was instructed, saying: 'If thou wilt build my temple like unto thine august abode, the august child shall surely speak.' When he had been thus instructed, [the Heavenly Sovereign] made grand divination to seek what Deity's desire this might be. Then [it was discovered that] the curse was the august doing of the great Deity of Idzumo. So when about to send the august child to worship [at] that great Deity's temple, [he made divination to discover] by whom it were well to have him attended. Then the lot fell on King Ake-tatsu. So he made King Ake-tatsu swear, saying, 'If there is truly to be an swear to our adoration of this great Deity, may the heron dwelling on the tree by the Pool of Sagisu here fall [through my] oath.' When he had thus spoke, the heron that had been sworn by fell to the ground dead. Again, on his commanding it to come to life, [in answer to his oath] it then came to life again."

"Moreover, he caused to wither by an oath, and again brought to life again by an oath, a broadfollaged bear oak on Cape Amakashi."

"Then [the Heavenly Sovereign] granted to Prince Yamato-oyushiki-toyo-asakura-ake-tatsu."

"So when the august child was sent off with the two princes, Prince

Ake-tatsu and Prince Una-kami, as his attendants, it was divined that [if they went out] by the Nara Gate they would meet a lame person and a blind person, that [if they went out] by the Ohosaka Gate they would likewise meet a lame person and a blind person, and that only the Ki Gate—a side gate—would be the lucky gate; and when they started off, they establishment the Homuji Clan in every place they arrived at. So when they had reached Idzumo, and had finished worshipped the great Deity, and were returning up [to the capital], they made in the middle of the River Hi a black-plaited bridge, and respectfully offered a temporary palace [for the august child] to dwell in. Then when the ancestor of the rulers of the land of Idzumo, whose name was Kihisa-tsu-mi, having made an imitation green-leaved mountain, placed it in the lower reach of the river, and was about to present the great august food, the august child spoke, saying, 'What here resembles a green-leaved mountain in the [reach of the] river, looks like a mountain, but is not a mountain. Is it perchance the great court of the deacon who holds in reverence the great Deity, Ugly-Male-of-the-Reed Plains, that dwells in the temple of So at Ihakuma in Idzumo?' [Thus] he indicated to ask."

"Then the kings who had been sent in august attendance [on him] bearing with joy, and seeing with delight, set the august child to dwell in the palace of Nagabo at Ajimasi, and despatched a courier [to inform the Heavenly Sovereign].

"Then the august child wedded Princess Hinaja for one night. So, on looking privately at the beautiful maiden [he found her] to be a serpent, at the sight of which he fled away alarmed. Then the Princess Hinaja was vexed, and, illuminating the sea-plain, pursued after them in a ship; and they, more and more alarmed sight, pulled the august wheel across the mountain folds, and went fleeing up [to the capital]. Thereupon they made a report, saying, 'We have come up [to the capital] because thy great and august child has become able to speak through worshipped the great Deity.' So the Heavenly Sovereign, delighted, forthwith sent Kine Una-kami back to build the Deity's temple."

"Thereupon, the Heavenly Sovereign, on account of this august child, established the Totori Clan, the Torikahi Clan, the Honinji Clan, the Ohoyume and the Wakayume."

"The fact that the New Jersey meeting at Asbury Park on July 2d, ended in a fizzle, has been the subject of considerable criticism, some just and some otherwise."

The body did not convene for several reasons, and none of them could be even remotely ascribed to indifference on the part of Jerseymen. When the meeting was announced for 10.30 A.M. of July 2d, there immediately went up a protest. The great body of Jerseymen are working men, and none could afford to sacrifice the time on the eve of a triple holiday. More, no employee would ask for time off just before the half holiday of the 2d and whole holiday of the Fourth.

The president was appealed to, both publicly and privately, but without result. It was pointed out to him that the very few in the ranks of the deaf, who could attend the meeting at such a time and hour were the professional element, and in New Jersey they can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Not only were no arrangements made for cheap railroad fares, but the hour set precluded the possibility of availing one's self of the cheap rates in force a few hours later on the same day.

No arrangements were made for reduced rate hotel accommodation, and no program prepared. No papers. "Nothing."

Was it any wonder that "almost no one showed up?"

At the eleventh hour, the undersigned secured special rates and advertised them and railway facilities, with the result that a party of New Yorkers did go down, but arrived too late for the meeting.

But the New Jersey Association is by no means dead, and if another meeting is called for Labor Day afternoon, there is no doubt but what the body can meet under creditable surroundings. It is not too late now, and this may be considered an open suggestion to the officers in charge.

Another thing, real Jerseymen, no matter whether they are at present living in the State, or out of it, should be allowed the full privileges of membership. This it seems to me is imperative.

The New Jersey Convention Fizzle

ALEX. L. PACH.

Coney Island continues to be the attractive resort for many of New York's silent people. Deaf wheelmen also are in evidence at this famous resort by the sea. The Coney Island Cycle path has much to do in attracting the deaf thither, for it is said that there few, if any, such fine roads in America.

STATE OF OHIO.

All Ready for the Teachers' Convention.

DEATH OF MISS CORA DICKSON.

Home From Camp--Rescued From the Waves--Other Items.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Ere the imprint of this letter in the JOURNAL is dry, the Fifteenth Convention of the American Instructors of the Deaf will have begun its session at this Institution. Superintendent Jones, the committee in charge of the arrangements, has spared no effort in looking after the comforts of the members and making the meeting one of profit and pleasure. The house, excepting a few minor details, is about ready to receive its guests and entertain them for a week. It is expected that the attendance will largely exceed that of like former meetings. Of one thing every one coming can feel assured, and that is a most hearty welcome will be extended to him or her.

Wednesday, the sad news of the death of Miss Cora Dickson was received at the State Binery, which occurred the day previous. Few there were who imagined her end was so near when she left here, June 16th, for her home, to recuperate her health. The impression was that after a month or two she would be fully able to resume her work here. She had not been in good health for a year or so, but she bravely kept to her work as long as she could. Her ailment was of a pulmonary nature. Her home was at Duncan's Falls, Muskingum Co., Ohio. She entered the Institution as a pupil in 1879, graduating in 1889, and had for some years past been employed in the binery where by her quiet and gentle disposition she soon won the affection and esteem of all. She was a member of the Young Ladies' Reading Circle, an organization composed of ladies employed in the binery. Owing to the lateness of the receipt of the news of her death, it was impossible for any of her late associates to attend her funeral. However, the employees of the binery sent two very beautiful floral offerings, a cross and a wreath, as a testimonial of esteem and sorrow. Her age was 27 years, 7 months.

Miss Louise J. Colmery, for several years past a teacher in the Institution, was married at her home, Upper Sandusky, on the 19th, to Mr. Edward M. Taylor, of this city. The ceremony took place in the Presbyterian Church, and according to the papers was a very all affair.

Mr. Eddie I. Holycross returned the first of the week, from Mason, where he had been called last week owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Holycross' sister. They reached the place too late to find her living. Another sister is quite ill and Mrs. Holycross will for the present remain with her.

Mrs. Kate Fuson, Boys' D Matron, has been appointed postmistress of Worthington, a village of five miles north of Columbus. She will take charge about August 15th, and that lets out why she did not desire a re-appointment at the Institution last June.

Messrs. McGregor and Charles arrived home from camp, Wednesday, and report having thoroughly enjoyed their outing. They brought with them pretty well sunburnt faces. Sunday they had big company for dinner: Mrs. Ohlemacher and children, Albert and Ida; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis with their children and several others, making in all seventeen persons, who sat down and did the handsome to a finely prepared dinner. A heavy squall came up in the afternoon and drenched every one to the skin. Another came up Wednesday, and just as it appeared Mr. A. B. Davis espied a gentleman and lady in a boat out on the lake. The blow and waves were awful, and Mr. Davis saw that the couple were unable to manage their boat. Being an expert, he got into his boat and rowed out to them, put down their sails and brought them safely to terra firma. Had he failed to come to their aid, the couple would have met a watery grave.

The greenhouse is being moved the northwest corner of the Institution grounds. One day this week, a section of the glass roof, 18x60 feet, had just been moved and placed in position, when the braces upon which it was resting over the brick foundation, gave way and brought the entire structure down. Fortunately no one was hurt, but a great deal of glass was broken. The old floor in the superinten-

dent's office has been torn out and replaced with an oaken one. The walls have been re-papered, and now the room is the finest in appearance in the building.

The boys' D dormitory has been overtopped with a new floor and the walls re-painted of a light color. Mr. and Mrs. Gus. Schrieber are rejoicing over the arrival of a second daughter.

Miss Augusta Alt has been given a position in the binery as a folder.

Mrs. A. W. Mann was in the city, Tuesday, on business in connection with the ministerial meeting to be held here next week.

Misses McRedmond, Prouty, Littell and Mrs. McGuiness were up in Sandusky, Sunday, enjoying the breeze from the lake. July 23, '98. A. B. G.

AN EXPLANATION.

DEAR EDITOR:—An explanation by the arrangement-committee of the New York Deaf-Mute Club's picnic, on July 16th, would be in order, in view of the numerous complaints made by the patrons.

About the first of May we announced in your paper that our picnic would take place June 29th, but a few weeks later we changed the date to July 16th, and promptly advertised it. We selected the date, because there was then no arrangement of an excursion or picnic or the like by any other club on or near our date. Then we began making arrangements to make our picnic the best ever given to the mutes. One whole month (I say whole) after the appearance of our advertisement in your paper, the League of Elect Surds announced July 14th as the date for their excursion—two days ahead of ours. It upset all our plans. Realizing that we would lose much patronage by reason of the fact that most of the members of the League of Elect Surds are intelligent, influential and representative gentlemen, who have a long train of followers and friends each (the New York Deaf-Mute Club is composed of youths who have friends yet to make), we were driven by fear of financial loss to omit music and theatrical and other surprising original features from our picnic, accordingly we did not advertise that we would furnish music.

We, the New York Deaf-Mute Club, ask our patrons and friends to please excuse us for not furnishing music, for we very much regret. The financial result of the picnic has proved to be successful, wholly contrary to our expectations, and this fact makes our regrets for the omission of music so much the deeper.

Dear editor, may I make some comments on "F. Anwood's" article headed "The Ridgewood Affair," in last week's issue. Mr. "F. Anwood" (by the way, I would admire a man, who criticizes and at the same time signs his own name like a man instead of, as you have done, hiding himself under cover of a *nom de plume*, you accuse us of using our infirmity as a means of getting advertisements for our picnic program. I did nearly all the soliciting of advertisements, and I know what I am talking about. We didn't do such a thing as that. The club page in our program you call "editorial," was solely written for perusal by friends and patrons of our club, not advertisers.

Four members of our club attended the excursion of the L. E. S. You say none of us did. Several others of us would have attended but for the fact that we had been obliged several times to be absent from our places of employment to attend to our picnic matters. We are deeply grateful for the liberal patronage of our picnic by the L. E. S., which act we will always remember.

Mr. "F. Anwood," we never tried to "build up our own club by pulling down another." You say we are trying it. We made a very sad mistake in not seeing beforehand that refreshments be had on the grounds. We are very sorry for it, and a thing like that will not happen again. You were fully justified in criticizing this. Mr. "F. Anwood," (the compositor is kicking at my using the quotation marks), you complain of mosquitoes. We do not make them. God is their Maker.

You say, Mr. "F. Anwood," (I wish you had signed your own name, so that I might do away with quotation marks), that the middle of July was the customary time for the M. L. A., U. L., and L. E. S. to give an outing on the water. Well, let the M. L. A., U. L., and L. E. S. give an excursion each (all told, three excursions) in the middle of July next year, and see how things will go. However, we, the N. Y. D. M. C., would rather observe the rule: "First advertised, first respected."

I am, dear editor, with best wishes for all the deaf-mute clubs, and with deepest regrets with regard to music and refreshments, and with sincere thanks for the generous patronage of our picnic by the public.

Yours truly,
FRANK TURNER.
Chairman Arrangement Committee,
N. Y. D. M. C.

FANWOOD.

Mr. Shanks Meditates on the Wonders of Surveying.

KILLED BY A TROLLEY CAR.

Improvements in and About Fanwood.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

A few days ago there appeared on one of the streets leading to the Institution grounds, a civil engineer. Now, there is nothing remarkable about this person that would attract the attention of an ordinary being, but at the time we saw him, there was something in the manner in which he performed his work, that it caused us to stop on our course and watch his operations for a few minutes.

With his surveying instrument, he was surveying the ground in front of a row of new houses, with the idea in view to determine the exact plane on which the street level was to be laid out; it at present being in a wretched condition, owing to excavations where the houses were built. It is the intention of the owners of these houses to have the sidewalk fronting the property constructed of artificial stone flagging, which must conform to the grade of the street.

The rapidity with which this man performed mathematical problems, and made conclusions on any given point he had surveyed, was simply astounding. Where the line of the street was laid out, stakes were driven in the ground at intervals of five feet distance between each other, and on these figures were marked, denoting the exact calculation he had arrived at in his determination as to how much excavation was necessary for the foundation of the cement flagging. On the opposite side of the street from these houses, there was a completed sidewalk a foot below the present level of the road bed. Such is the wonders achieved by the human mind, and it marvels one to see how such things can be accomplished, which enables the traveller to get over a given space of land, more comfortably and in quicker time than could be obtained were the condition of things in a natural state. It is largely due to this class of workmen that the present appearance of our thoroughfares and public highways has made this city one of the most famous cities for pleasant driving to be found in the United States.

A new flooring of two inch white maple, is now being laid in the two clothing rooms on the boys' side. Plasterers are now giving the ceiling in the boys' sitting room its much needed attention. The wooden coal-bin, located in one of the arches of the hall, that connects the boys' wing with the chapel wing, is being torn down, and will be replaced with bricks. Workmen are now overhauling, and repairing the grates of the four large boilers in the power house. A new steam-mangle, a counterpart of the one now in use, has been added to the laundry.

The two halls of the school wing have been thoroughly painted, by the institution painter. Michael Carroll, a pupil of the Kindergarten department at the Mansion House, who was home for the summer vacation, was killed by a Long Island City trolley car Saturday afternoon last. He was amusing himself making soap bubbles. Becoming enchanted in one he was chasing, he was caught unaware and knocked down by a car having no fender, and run over.

Miss Annie Garrison was seen strolling on the beach at Coney Island one day last week. Miss Fannie Weidhaus, left Saturday for a two weeks' vacation. She will improve her time riding over the surrounding country on her wheel.

Herman Heerd was up this way Saturday on his new wheel, a racer, which he had made to order.

A latticed partition has been erected in the arch of the hall leading to the chapel on the boys' side, to keep intruders out of the court yard.

Every evening a tally-ho drawn by four horses passes the institution on its way to Inwood. And it has become such a familiar sight, that every time it comes, the footman blows a loud last on his six-foot trumpet, and we are informed by those who can hear, who happen to be around.

The tables in both the boys' and girls' sitting rooms were removed to the dining room last week, and the rooms in their deserted appearance remind you of an empty storage warehouse. This was done so as to give the painters more room in their work of painting the two rooms.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was a welcome caller on the afternoon of the 25th.

We had a visitor from Scotland, on Monday, in the person of Mr. W. Hall Addison, Headmaster of the Glasgow Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Langside, Scotland. He was on his way to the Convention to be held at Columbus this week. Principal Currier left here on Tuesday to attend the Convention of the American Association of Teachers of the Deaf.

Peter Glosque was at the Institution Tuesday.

W. G. SHANKS.

BOSTON.

A HOME FOR AGED DEAF PERSONS NEEDED IN NEW ENGLAND—A "SPANISH SPY" CAUGHT IN THE CHARLESTON NAVY YARD—A FEW NOTES.

(From our Boston Correspondent.)

At the service in St. Andrew's Church this afternoon, Rev. Mr. Searing said that ground has been broken for the building of a new chapel for deaf-mutes in New York, and it is expected to be finished in November. He also hopes to live to see his own church in this city, but thinks we shall be able to have funds from which interest we can depend upon for expenses of religious meetings all the time. He believes a home for aged deaf-mutes is more needed than a church building, and suggested that we make plans for raising funds for that purpose.

"Ought we to have a home for aged deaf-mutes, to which deaf-mutes from any where in New England would be well cared?" was the question that has often been discussed from time to time. The general opinion is that there are not enough aged persons in this part of the country as to need one, but as a rule aged persons are very seclusive, and there may be more than we think.

We suggest that those interested in the project, before tarring, write to prominent deaf-mutes in all cities and large towns for their estimate of aged deaf-mutes, who are dependent on charity; this will undoubtedly help them to decide whether a home is needed.

Mr. E. W. Frisbee has been away from St. Andrew's Mission since June, having been preaching from place to place since then.

Mr. A. S. Tufts has acted as lay-reader in Mr. Frisbee's place, and he will soon be wearing the gown or robe of his office.

Mr. W. H. Krause is here for a few days' visit. He and his family have been living under his wife's mother's roof in Northampton since February, when he resigned from Shreve, Crump & Low, Jewelers. He had served that firm for twenty years.

The Navy Yard people have been on the lookout for Spanish spies for several months, and at last they were rewarded to find one in the shape of a steer, who somehow escaped from an Allan Line steamer, and ran into the Navy Yard. Some of the men were scared and others tried the role of Spanish matadors to kill the steer. Among them was Mr. Frisbee, though he did not exactly take a sword and thrust it in the steer's flank, but simply shut doors in the animal's face.

I must correct an item in last week's issue, saying that Rev. Mr. Searing was to go to Saratoga on a vacation. He is to have no vacation, as he is supplying the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Kidner, who is away, as well as preaching to the deaf-mutes. He is chaplain at the South Boston House of Correction, also is interested in an "Old Ladies' Home," so his time is much occupied, but he has sent Mrs. Searing and Stanley, Jr., to Saratoga for a few weeks.

It was his sixth wedding anniversary (not his sister's) that he was to be celebrated with a lawn party. Amos Barton and Miss Daisy Whitehouse were married a week ago last Wednesday, in Clinton, Maine. Mr. Barton has many friends in and around Boston, who heartily congratulate him.

A short time ago Mrs. Wilbur N. Sparrow, of Eastham, was called to Washington, D. C., to attend the funeral of her mother, who died very suddenly of heart disease.

This was the third time she has been in Washington since her marriage, and she made the trip alone with her one-year old baby.

Frank Videto, who is twenty-three years old, will enter the American School at Hartford next Fall. He has been educated all along at the Horace Mann School, but his father was not satisfied with his education, as he thought he still needs a few years more instruction before he will be fit to help him in his business as a builder of houses. Mr. Videto, Senior, has built one hundred houses since he began business.

Mr. W. N. Sparrow has been suffering with another abscess, and has not been able to work for some time, but is feeling stronger now.

PRY.

July 24, '98.

There are 10,000 camels at work in Australia.

NEW YORK.

Timely Observations on Pertinent Subjects.

THE DECADENCE OF "CLUB-RUNS."

Dedication of the New St. Ann's--Timely Thinks by a Triplet of Tooters.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 90th Street, New York City.

The fact that the captain of the Silent Wheelmen decided to abandon stated runs for the time being will not matter in the least to the "faithful."

The "faithful" it must be said by way of explanation are those four members who have been regularly on hand for every run, with but few exceptions, and three of these are the "Hickok" riders. Two of them are officers and two are not. None of them had a hand in the boasting that boomed the club in its days of infancy.

The fact of the matter is, as has been pointed out more than once, that riders, like pedestrians, equestrians, etc., etc., not only like to have a hand in choosing their outing place, but also in selecting that place. The result is that the little handful of members of the Silent Wheelmen will now take their runs at such times and to such places as they see fit.

Eventually the several clubs will have their own wheeling organizations, and in cosmopolitan New York, where the deaf are divided by ties that bind them to different school organizations, and affiliations, with different religious bodies, experience has demonstrated that any union for any purpose, however, commendable, will not hold for any length of time.

A. L. Pach left on Wednesday, via N. Y. C. & H. R. R. L. S., & M. S., and the C. C. C. & St. L., route for Columbus, to attend the Teachers' Convention for which Mr. Pach is official photographer.

John F. O'Brien and his frisky "Leeg" made the trip to Coney Island last Sunday, alone. While there he did the "Streets of Cairo" and about everything else. Unnecessary to remark nobody "did" him.

John Stauch hasn't been at his post at the Newark House for two or three Sundays past, and it is given out that his brother, the proprietor of Stauch's Hotel and bathing pavilions, isn't exactly pleased at the way the hundred odd deaf visitors to "Coney" view his accommodations.

A visitor there any Sunday cannot help noticing that the deaf preempt the best seats at the pavilion, and its also noticeable that they do this and at the same time keep away more desirable patrons. Mr. Stauch isn't running the place for his health and the small army of attaches have to be paid.

Now it's also noticeable that the deaf, at least the majority, spend nothing, though Mr. Stauch's accommodations in hotel, restaurant, cafe and bathing beach are so good as the best at Coney, and while they keep away people who would make it profitable, the spectacle of an "army of signers" is not one that is calculated to draw trade.

Now if the deaf want to enjoy Mr. Stauch's hospitality at his expense, let them congregate at the beach end of the dancing pavilion, where their presence would be much less objectionable than at the choicest section of the bathing pavilion.

Samuel Frankenstein's parents are at the seashore. Arthur Bachrach's parents prefer the delights of their mansion on Mt. Morris Park East. Arthur likes company, however, and told "Sam" to move up to the Bachrach domicile for the summer, an invitation which the latter wasn't slow to avail himself.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Brien, and Miss O'Brien, strayed by the sad sea waves of Brighton last Saturday. The sea waves seemed sadder to John because he took an "L" train from the bridge that landed him at East New York, instead of Brighton. They won't be sad next time, for he knows more about Brooklyn "L" trains than he did before.

Church services for the Deaf at St. Matthew's, as is generally the case during the midsummer season, are very slimly attended. Dr. Gallaudet occupied the pulpit last Sunday, and after regular service the doctor baptized the infant daughter of Mr. Robert Maynard. Dr. Gallaudet leaves Thursday, for Columbus, Ohio, to attend the convuls which occurs there July 25th to August 2d.

The season for outings and excursions is not yet half over, and New Yorkers find themselves without any more club affairs to come off. The Union League still has the "war scare," and they will

not give any outing this summer. This leaves a long season open. Meanwhile the deaf of Gotham, on pleasure bent, will have to hie themselves to the nearby resorts. The League of Elect Surds' excursion was pleasant in many ways, a repetition of such an outing would prove popular, but to say that a repetition of the Ridgewood farce would be unpopular is putting it mildly. There were many stones left unturned at the Ridgewood picnic, and "ignorance of the law" excuses nobody. The Greater New York Club may say that the skeeters accounted for the constant glimmer of the electric lights; that practical jokers at home in their short pants had tampered with their paterfamilie musical instruments; that the Frankforter man down at Coney Island was not notified to be on hand with edibles, etc. A picnic is always run on a basis to please the ticket purchasers, but this one was run to please the club members and to make a long programme of games as profitable to the club's coffers as possible. Repetition of such farces are not wanted in New York, much less in the borough across the Bridge.

It is said the members of the old Brooklyn Guild are incensed at the invading of territory by the Greater New York Club, and that the society will again be re-organized, with Hugh Conlon as the head master. It is to the Brooklyn Guild's credit that they desire to keep the standard of Brooklyn affairs among the deaf up to the top notch, and thus put themselves in the line they had established previous to the invading of the Greater New York Club of deaf-mutes.

Up on Washington Heights, according to Mr. Shanks, of the JOURNAL, there has arrived at the Fanwood School, a horse cultivator. The meaning of this is tremendous and New Yorkers are wondering if Fanwood is starting a new occupation for the pupils. We know enough of the weekly shipments from New York to Paris of cultivated horses, cut up and salted, but Fanwood cannot be up to that export. We think Mr. Shanks means the school has purchased a new cultivator that is drawn by horses, and thereby does away with the slow process usually in use and done by hand.

Among the queer things that can happen is getting lost in one's own native town. Such an incident fell to the lot of the writer last week, and although for years he had gone over nearly every foot of traversable ground, he for the nonce felt bewildered as he landed from a N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. train at Stamford, for a new depot has replaced the old, and although only located three hundred yards from the old site, he was forced to ask of a trainman the way to the town hall.

A five-mile spir up Prospect street at this place is quite a pleasure if one does not mind the frequent steep hills, and at the end of five miles by the sign post, if one asks for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Wittmeyer, it's readily pointed out. While there Sunday, it was found quite a company had preceded me for there were Mr. and Mrs. Frellick, of Stamford; Mr. Hiram Black, of Greenwich; Miss Edith Marshall and Miss Deborah Marshall, of Bridgeport, besides the intelligent son of the host and hostess. This is a place where the wheeling folk can find a haven of rest, and Mr. and Mrs. Wittmeyer are capital entertainers.

On Wednesday, August 3d, the deaf of Stamford, Greenwich, Port Chester, Norwalk, Bridgeport, and nearby places, will have a picnic at Roton Point, which is reached by trolley cars from Stamford.

James Thompson, a former New Yorker, but now of Jersey City Heights, will start on August 1st, for a trip through New York and Massachusetts States.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Goldfogle and the children were at Pleasure Bay, on the 17th, for the day.

C. J. LeClereq is enjoying himself in summer time with frequent runs over to Long Branch and Pleasure Bay, instead of taking a prolonged vacation.

Mrs. Myron R. Palmer comes to this city Thursday to spend a few weeks with her mother, while her husband will hie himself to the country to recuperate after his recent prolonged illness.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bothner, who was recently severely sick, is now so much improved that the danger point seems to have passed.

On Saturday, August 6th, the corner stone of the new church for the deaf, at 148th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, will be laid accompanied by fitting ceremonies.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is watching the progress in this direction with a keen eye, and, although as he says, he has been sometimes misunderstood and misrepresented, he still has uppermost in his mind the interest of the deaf and expects to labor for them and their interests and "die in the harness." The new church is expected to be completed about November 1st.

TED.

The whistling buoy can be heard about fifteen miles.

THE OLD STAGE COACHES.

FABULOUS PROFITS MADE BY THE COMPANIES WHO OWNED THEM.

"The stagecoach days are about over in Montana and Idaho," said S. F. Shannon to a reporter. "With the extension of the Northern Pacific branch into Lewiston, Ida., the little stage line into that town will have to give way. There are but three stage lines left in Montana, and it is only a matter of time before they will be gone. But those were great days when the great Gilman-Saulsbury lines were operating in Montana." And Mr. Shannon lapsed into silence a moment as he thought of the old days when he was auditor of that line, stationed at Helena.

With the stage coach lines from their infancy to their days of power and then with the railroad when it was finally completed through to the Pacific, and now in other business to look back on those earlier and at least equally happy days, has been Mr. Shannon's experience. He is intimately acquainted with the heads of the Northern Pacific and was with that road long before the present management came to the helm. He is a personal friend of the old time frontiersman, withal a good business man of the later days.

"Staging now is not what it was in the early days," he continued. "The trouble now is that whenever a stage line begins to pay a railroad is built, and the stages have to move farther off into the newer sections of the country. I took a ride up through Okanogan county to the British Columbia line a short time ago on the stages in operation there, and it was one of the worst experiences I ever had. The stages are little more than mere wagons—not the easy going 6 to 12 horse teamed luxurious coaches with accommodations for any number up to 36 that we had in Montana. The roads are bad, and one jolts along over the trails expecting every minute that the next will be his last. He arrives at his destination thoroughly exhausted.

But in the old days we had stages. Equipment is the word for their furnishings. They were as luxurious as it was possible to make them. They rode like rocking chairs. On our lines running from Mandan to Missoula and from Corinne over in Idaho, the coaches had accommodations for 18, 24 and 36, and were drawn by teams of 6 to 12 horses. It was a matter of get there with them. They had the mail contracts and were receiving \$364 for every mile they carried 600 pounds of baggage and \$160 for each extra hundred pounds. They had a monopoly of that traffic, and that is what caused the star route investigation in 1884. The coaches could carry 4,000 pounds of express and the same amount of mail and baggage, besides their passenger lists. They averaged 8½ miles over this entire distance, or 9½ miles actual running time. This was over mountains and plains and in all kinds of weather. Our stages used to leave Bozeman in the morning and arrive in Helena, 98 miles away, in the evening.

"Montana was in its stage lines second only to California. There will never be another country such as those two for stage lines. The roads were all good and hard through all kinds of weather, and horses could fairly fly. There was money in staging then. The Gilman-Saulsbury company is said to have made \$76,000,000 out of their stage lines, and I guess that is true. The mail contracts and the heavy passenger lists, to say nothing of the express, made the profits count up, even after they had divided with those in charge of the mail contracts and after the government had forced them to give up a part of their stealings.

"There were several hold ups by road agents in those days, but as far as I can remember, and I was connected with the lines during the seventies and early eighties, we never lost any bullion.

"Montana has only three stage lines left now, and these run through rich agricultural districts. Cattle and sheep ranches are abundant, and the lines are doing a good business. In a few years the railroads will become jealous of them, if they are not now, and build through their districts. Then the stage lines will be only a matter of history. All the lines run out of Livingston, Mon. From Billings, Great Falls and Big Sandy on the Great Northern, they run into Livingston. The first two virtually meet at Utica.

"In Oregon and Washington there are a few stage lines, but the day for staging has gone," concluded Mr. Shannon regretfully.—Tacoma Ledger.

It has been found in Germany that lightning rods do not protect high furnaces, the electric discharge preferring to pass to earth by the column of heated smoke, which, of course, is rich in carbon, a conductor of electricity. It is partly for this reason that so many smoking chimneys are struck by lightning and that to sit near a fireplace is dangerous.

TALES OF THE WARSHIPS.

ENTERTAINING ANECDOTES FROM A DETROIT AUTHOR'S BOOK—THE JOVIAL JACKIE FIGURES IN MANY A GOOD STORY—HE IS ALWAYS READY FOR A LARK ON SHIP OR SHORE.

In F. O. Davenport's book entitled "On a Man-of-War," there is an entertaining train of happenings that are of no less interest because they are of subsidiary importance to the working of the vessel. The routine of a modern ironclad is very different from that of a man-of-war of twenty years ago, but human nature remains the same throughout the ages.

The application of nautical terms to ordinary conversation is common among seamen, and an incident is mentioned of a certain admiral who, upon coming on board a ship, was met by an old classmate with the salutation, "Hello, old fellow, how are you?" and observing that the admiral had carefully combed his back hair forward up and over, to cover the bald top of his head, he added, "Well, that's the first time I ever saw afterguard doing foretop duty."

Another story is told of a sailor who went up to the font to have his baby baptized. Sailors as a class claim little stock in babies, and naturally enough this one presented the infant feet foremost.

"The other way," said the minister, and accordingly Jack turned the infant upside down.

"Excuse me," said the clergyman, "I mean the other way." So back came the embryo foretopman to his first position, to the discouragement of everybody. "Wind it, Jack," said the nautical assistant, and with an "Aye, aye, sir," Jack promptly turned the baby "end for end," and it was duly christened head first.

An instance is given of a time when some officers and men of a vessel anchored in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira, went ashore for horse-back ride around the island.

About half way up the mountain we came across a little mizen topman flushed and evidently very warm, riding a spirited little horse, with a stone tied up in a silk handkerchief, slung to his tail.

The first lieutenant laughed and said, "What are you doing with that handkerchief, Brown?"

"Why, you see, sir," said Brown, "that when I first hitched her up she pitched badly, being too much by the head, so I just rigged this stone on aft and brought her down to her bearings and she sails now like a clipper, sir."

The pride of the men in the neat appearance of their ship cannot be eclipsed by the most fastidious housekeeper. One day while visiting one of the vessels the ladies were much attracted by the extraordinary care that had been bestowed on the pivot gun. One of them admiringly passed her delicately gloved hand over the smooth surface of the gun and exclaimed, "How glossy and smooth it is," to the great disgust of the old quarter gunner, who muttered as the party turned away.

"They ain't satisfied to look of a gun without sticking their dirty paws all over it."

The ordinary seamen's respect for rank and station when not connected with his beloved vessel, is decidedly meager. When the President of the United States visits one of our men-of-war he is received at the gangway by the admiral, commanding officer, and all of the officers at the ship, in full uniform, the crew at quarter for inspection, the marine guard drawn up with the band on the quarter deck, the national flag is displayed at the main, the drummer gives four ruffles, the band plays the national air and a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. The same ceremony also takes place on his leaving. On one occasion the President visited one of the ships informally, dispensing with the salute and ceremony, when one of the men rather indignantly asked another who that lubber was on the quarter deck that didn't "douse his peak" to the commodore.

"Choke your luff, will you," was the reply; "that's the President of the United States."

"Well ain't he got manners enough to salute the quarter deck if he is?"

"Manners! What does he know about manners? I don't suppose he was ever out of sight of land in his life."

An amusing accident once occurred at a time when an American vessel was lying at Naples. On being visited by the king and his suite, one of the latter, with cocked hat, mustache, sword, etc., was exploring the ship and mistook the main hatch windsail for a mast, and leaned against it. The officer of the deck was promptly advised of the accident by the boatswain's mate who said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I think one of them ere kings has fell down the main hatch, sir."

A story is told of an old com-

modore at the Boston yard whose method of measuring religious affairs was with the same inexorable rule used for temporal things. One Sunday morning he was aroused from his nap by something out of the usual routine being announced from the pulpit, and he sternly addressed the chaplain with: "What's that? What's that?"

The chaplain demurely repeated the notice that "By order of the bishop of the diocese, divine service will be performed in this chapel on Thursday evening next," etc.

"By whose order?"

"By order of the bishop of the diocese, sir."

"Well," thundered the commodore, "I'll let you know that I am bishop of this diocese, and when I want service in this chapel I'll let you know. Pipe down," and he cleared the chapel.

On one occasion he heard a different voice in the pulpit from usual, and looking up he asked: "Who is that up there? Is that you, Billy McMasters?"

"Yes, sir."

(Billy was a religious foreman in the yard who sometimes helped the chaplain along.)

"Come down out of that," thundered the commodore, "when I want a relief for the chaplain I'll appoint one, don't you ever let me catch you up there again," and he cleared the chapel again.

"An old man-of-wars man took a seat in a passenger car one day attracting considerable attention by his dress and manner. An indiscreet neighbor ventured the question, 'in the navy, eh?'"

The sailor nodded affirmatively.

"Well," went on the other man, "I am not exactly in the navy myself; I am a contractor—that is I furnish cheese to the navy."

"Oh you are, are ye?" said the sailor. "You are just the chap I've been looking for," and accordingly he knocked the aspirant for naval honors over the ear seat, and added as he looked around, "now show me the son-of-a-gun that furnishes butter."

It doesn't make any difference whether an Irishman is on land or sea, he never gets into a place that is too tight to squeeze through.

"Are you sure of the channel, pilot?" asked an anxious captain, as the ship seemed to be getting very near shore.

"Sure it is. Bedad, captain, darlin', I know every rock in ould Ireland," and, as just then the ship struck heavily, "I'm a Dutchman of there ain't wan av thim."

Desertion from the navy at times seems almost inexplicable, and can be accounted for only on the ground of fascination. Asked in regard to it, a captain of much experience once said: "I really believe that if you freighted a ship for heaven, and were obliged to touch in at hell for wood and water, half the boat's crew would desert."

The affinity of the open hearted sailor for good spirits was aptly illustrated when an old boatswain's mate learning that his former captain was in command of a ship lying off the navy yard, called to pay his respects. After a moment's conversation the captain said:

"Well, Jack, of course you'll have something to drink. Will you have some rum or some punch or a little brandy?"

"I thank ye, sir; much obliged," said the horny-handed son of the sea. "I think I will have a little rum while you're mixing the punch, and take the brandy afterward."

Speaking of imbibing, while one of the American frigates was once at Malta, some of the crew got into a terrible fight with the crew of a French man-of-war. At the investigation that followed, the captain of the maintop said:

"You see, sir, it was all the Frenchman's fault. We was a walking down the street jist as quiet as lambs, sir, when along come some Frenchmen from the Etwell. I wanted to be civil, so I says to 'em:

"Will you come in and take a drink?" says I.

"Kay?" says he.

"Kay?" says Jimmy Leggs, who was with me, 'what kind of an answer is that to give a gentleman? and he up and hit him, and that's the way the row began, sir. You see it was all the Frenchman's fault, sir."

A capture was made during the civil war that was led up to in an uncommon manner. On a dark

night one of the blockading boats off Mobile was prowling around for something to devour, when a cock was heard to crow. Every rooster in the squadron had long ago been eaten, and everyone knew that cocks didn't crow at sea unless there was something to crow from. After scouring around awhile they discovered the vessel, and on taking possession, the two captains were found to be old classmates.

"Look here, Jim," said Murphy, after a glass of wine had mellowed up matters a little; "how in the d—did you know I was here? I couldn't see you at all."

Jim flapped his arm and crowed. "That infernal old rooster," said Murphy; "I had given orders to cut his head off to-morrow."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why the Fingers of the Deaf are Wiggling so Rapidly.

Because the New Jersey State Association of the Deaf proved such a lamentable failure. The reasons therefore are legion, and it needs only Irving's legend of the "Pilgrim of Love," to prove to anxious inquirers the information they so much desire. And the wise old owls, who stay in their holes carefully avoid an opinion, for why should they—whose duty it is to study one-fourth of the time and meditate the other three-fourths.

But New Jersey is lamentably slow. It was apparent to all at its convention in 1896 and the members and community on hand was drawn together principally because of the opportunity to visit their *Alma Mater*. As soon as the date for the convention and Asbury Park was named, I at once saw failure in the air, and so expressed myself at the time, although not being a member of the Association. If the committee had selected Asbury and January 1st, as the place and time, it would have drawn a larger attendance.

President Lloyd's intended address on the 2d of July, embodied an outline of the system employed at the New Jersey School in Trenton, and offered several excellent recommendations, principally a post-graduate course to those who leave school and deserve a special term in the industrial department. But with his statement that the more the deaf practice in English the more familiar they become with it, I am not in full accord. On the other hand the majority of the deaf are like the Chinese, and prefer to go about a thing the very opposite to Americans. Thus the more familiar English becomes to them the more they will practice it. And it would seem they are right, for if none of them are familiar with its use and understand its meaning, of what use is the constant practice of it to them? It is the *learning* of English that is to be first acquired by them, then the *practice* of it. With the teaching of the hearing it is entirely different.

And there's another hot time in the metropolitan papers, all because Helen Keller has new worlds to conquer. While the ordinary beings are trying to conquer lesser satellites, she is going up, up, up, to conquer new worlds, and when she comes down again the old axiom that there is more in and on the earth than is dreamed of in our philosophy and learning will be true, as evidenced by her experience. But this is how the yellow press picture her, and see what comes from notoriety.

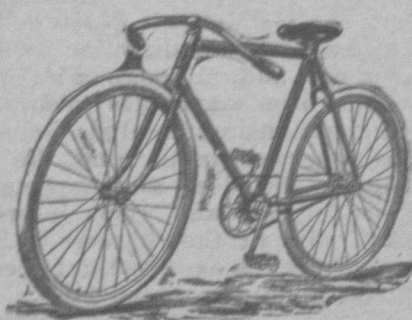
And there is, or was another hot old time in the deaf press principally out West, which ended in quite a hubbub, wherein an Eastern photographer accused "Tony" and "Bobbie" of being too shy of having their pictures in Mr. Gallaher's book, and "Tony" felt offended, not because "Tony" desired such an end, but because, probably, he wasn't asked. The fellow who had the laugh up his sleeve is now as glum as a clam, and he glorifies, for his own part, in having paid a five dollar bill to have a half page photo of himself in the said book.

A correspondent of the New York Times says that the name of the Governor General of the Philippine Islands is not Augusti, but Augustin—Don Basilio Augustin Davlin. He ascribes what he says is a popular error in naming the Spaniard to a mistake in transmitting the cognomen by cable or in transcribing the message.

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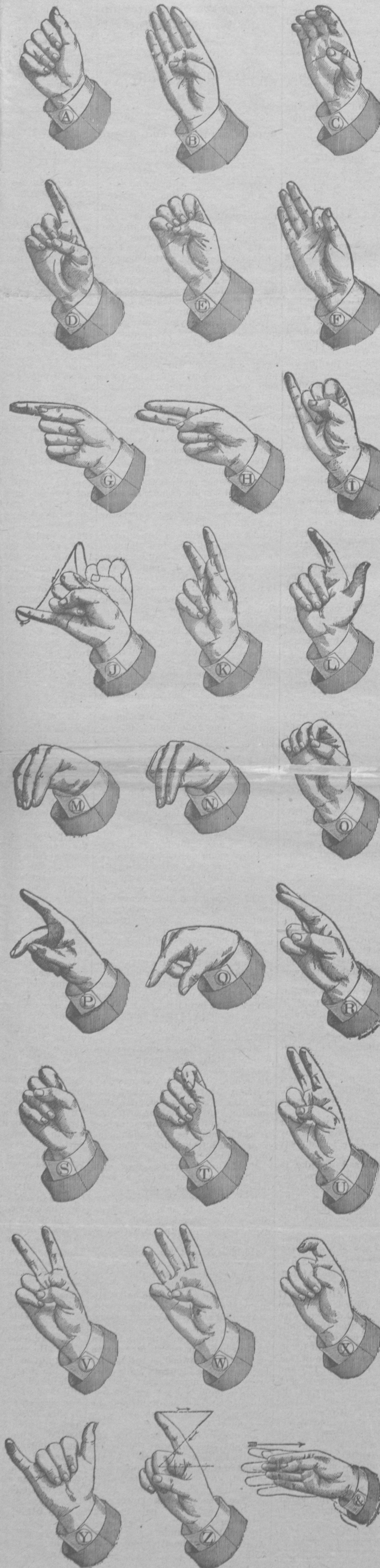
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